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Fall 2006 - Spring 2007 Vehicle  
Prose, Poetry, & Art Awards:

**Best Overall:**

Rebecca Griffith, "Blanks and Habits" from Fall 2006

**Poetry:**

1st: Mitch James, "We Were Shirtless When Thousands  
Died" from Fall 2006

2nd: Amanda Veale, "Thought" from Fall 2006

3rd: Jacob Foster, "A Slow, Painless Death" from Fall 2006

Honorable Mention: Lindsey Durbin, "Untitled" from Fall  
2006

**Prose:**

1st: Andy Masters, "The Italian Crisis" from Fall 2006

2nd: Eric Schumacher, "Gigavolt and Chris" from Spring  
2007

**Art:**

1st: Sean Walker, "Mike's Revelation" from Spring 2007

## She Might Just Take You For Granted

-Rebecca M. Griffith-

Sparkle and insecurity,  
She sees flaws where you and I might see grace.

She requires patience,  
Craves tenderness,  
And doesn't believe she deserves anything that  
Won't break her heart.

I hardly ever know if I'm enough for her.

She's back and forth,  
Clinging to my jacket,  
Flinching at imagined raises of my hand.

You have to untangle secrets to get to her,  
And even then ...

She is a radio girl,  
So caught up in some raw, angry lyric  
Swinging a leg as an absent reminder  
That she occupies time and space here-  
However fervently she may wish not to.

There are a lot of walls-  
a lot of layers, lace and stone,  
But never plain cement.

Jewel-studded walls-amethyst, sapphire, and emerald.  
Sometimes, uncovering gems behind her flimsy smiles and  
Glazed eyes  
Is worth it.  
Other times ....

I watch her shrink away,  
Her face inventing shades of red  
As her lips try on coy lies  
That she thinks will pacify me



## SHWAG

-Darius Jutzi-

"I can't get a fucking hit."

Jim scrunched up his face like some kinda priss as he pulled the piece away, shaking his head. He kinda just stared at it for a second before passing it back, me laughing at his goofy ass. I swiped it away from his dirty fingers, shifting the lighter into my available hand.

"It's, it's a trick with this one," I tell the heaping Neanderthal, his square rigid face going slack, his eyes widening ever so slightly, as though he were bemused. A caveman to goddamn fire, y'know?

"Look," I tell him, bringing the piece up to my mouth. I'm lighting the tip, explaining as I go. "You gotta pucker up when you do it. Like, shit..." He watches as the end of the piece goes bright red- orange- whitish- then a dim orange again, the whole fucking room smelling like reefer. Jim's got this goofy grin on his face, and I give him the finger, puffing my chest out, trying to get every last bit into my bloodstream. Jim laughs.

"I bet you make that face all the time, man," and he's giggling like a school girl.

Goddamn genius, really. So witty.

"Whatever," I tell him, "More for me, yeah?" And he shuts his trap, a little hook at the end of his mouth, his naive blue eyes kinda glowing for a minute, with that look you give your mom at the store when you want that new videogame, y'know? So I pass the piece back to him, and he brings it up to his lips, scrunching his face again and imitating me, his cheeks flaring, eyes bulging, sucking down our last bag together.

He blows out his smoke, and it plumes out, swirling gently around the dimly lit room, aiming for the rafters and the yellow light bulb just sitting there, humming. The smoke wavers around the two of us, just like chilling out in Jim's basement, the stink embedded in the scraps of carpet, in the couches, on these computer chairs Jim jacked from some dumpster. We're sitting there listening to some weird shit Jim picked up from one of his stoner friends, this trippy hip-hop trance fusion, with all these samples from different songs and movies and TV and shit I don't know, the way I heard it, it was a mosaic of sound, and after Jim takes in his hit, he's staring at the wood rafters above his head and taking all of it in.

I'm leaning back in my chair, just staring at his posters, at these action heroes and dead musicians staring back at me, playing guitar, whatever. These posters- well, that was Jim. Total extension of his personality, like you needed to be down there in that room to *really* get to

know the guy. Like, he's my best friend and everything, but *shit*- the kid makes a poor showing of himself. In a crowd, he's a fucking ape, void of any emotion or thought. And you never wanted to sum up Jim- because Jim, summed up, was pretty fucking boring.

Whatever. Down in his mom's basement was the Jim I knew all my fucking life, from his Pixies poster to his busted up Nintendo in the corner to the paltry collection of random books he kept on this dinky little shelf.

We're sitting down in his basement, and I reach over onto his desk and pick up this fat little paperback called *Cybersex*. Its pages are all yellow, brownish and stinking and on the cover its got these two computerized plastic doll things humping each other. I tap the cover, chuckling to myself.

Jim lowers his head and notices the book. He flashes his teeth and waves his hand, dismissing it.

"Dude," I shove the book in his face, "I got you this shit like six years ago."

"It's hilarious," he says blankly, tapping the resin out of the piece. "Its grand."

"I bet you never read this, you dumb, lazy fuck." This is us, best friends, always exchanging pleasantries.

"Whatever, dude," he says, and then he says, real fast, "How's Claire?" I raise an eyebrow, tossing the book back on the shelf. He leans forward, obviously eager about what I have to say, nosy bastard.

"I dunno," I tell him casually, "I guess its over."

"Over?"

"Well, with, like, us moving and shit. Me going back to college." I don't know if Jim had gotten his facts straight, but Claire wasn't even anything to me. She was just there that summer to pass the time, like, because everybody else in this dumb town had better things to do. Not to mention my family picking up and leaving, heading out to goddamn Iowa of all places. Claire, she was a great time waster and all, but if we were heading out to Iowa, well fuck, like I'm supposed to take her with me? She didn't even go to school with me, so it was pointless.

"I don't know. Claire was all right."

"She was better than all right."

"Ha," I tell him. "Oookay."

"She was," he says, kinda like, leaning his chin forward, getting all gruff with me.

"Whatever, dude," I tell him, but he waves his hand at me.

"Nah, Claire ... she was *gorgeous*." He says, his eyes lighting up at the mention of her name, and I can tell he's thinking about her- that figure, with that hearty little ass she had, those sexy thighs that drained from her skirt, her dirty blonde hair and squirrely face that was hidden

under her bangs. I don't know, she was hot, I guess-maybe in her own way. But the way I'm describing her, don't get me wrong, but I'm like, exaggerating, y'know? My imagination gets carried away, and sure, Claire was a good looking girl, but there's better out there. Seriously.

"Well, fuck, dude, you go get her then," I say.

Jim nods slowly, smiling casually. "Yeah," he says, "I would."

He kinda bites his lower lip, saying, "I wish I could."

"Yeah," I tell him.

Jim took over the basement when we started high school, what, like four years now? And his mom was about to furnish the place, but he got all pissed off about it and said he'd do it himself. So Jim, he goes around the back of department stores and carpet stores and whatever and digs around for what he needs. Spends time after school just looking for shit, and he set his place up on his own terms. He was just this huge fucking mousey digging in company trash finding a chair or spare wood.

Or those goddamn carpet scraps.

Those god-awful, nasty puke-red-blue-green pinwheel nappy little things that smell about as good as they look, with burn marks and strange little stains where you could only imagine what the fuck went down that night. Y'know? It was nasty, but it was really comfortable. And I'm just staring down at those carpets, feeling the grainy texture between my bare feet, kinda just zoning out and thinking about the basement and how I won't be back down here for a while.

"You know," I say to Jim, even though I'm really just thinking stupid shit out loud, "Man I saw this crazy fucking lamp the other day."

"For down here?" Jim asks quietly, confused.

"Yeah," I tell him, and I realize how dumb it was to say that.

"Like, me and Claire-we were at Sailor Pete's last night."

Sailor Pete's was this greasy burger joint a couple blocks away from my house, and it was, like, this dirty little dive where all the high school kids went to flirt with each other, compare cars and be faggots like that. I really hated that place, with all those little ricers, pretending to be cool, not to mention that all the employees had to wear these goofy fucking sailor hats.

I'm serious, now-the cashier had to wear a goddamn eye patch. I was gonna work there, once, but as soon as I found out you had to wear all that dumb shit, well, that was the end of that. There was just something about that place, something that I just really hated, even when my parents used to bring me as a kid there for like, good grades. But that was where Claire wanted to eat, so I picked her up in my shitty Ford Escort and we drove there.

We picked up a stack of Sailor sliders (I told you it was godawful) and sat in my car in the parking lot, smoking a pack of cigarettes,

chowing down, listening to music.

See, Claire has this thing with music, where she's really anal about what she's listening to. Every time she got in my car, like, before saying hello or anything, she'd face forward and see what was playing in my CD player, checking to see if it fit her mood or something. If she liked it, she would give a nod of approval, bend over and kiss my cheek.

If she didn't, she'd push the eject button before I could say anything, and comb through the stack of CD cases littered on the passenger side floor, her big red lips puckered as she surveyed whatever stack of CDs I randomly grabbed from my room. Usually it wasn't a problem, but that night, it totally was.

The ride there, she was content with my scratched up *40 oz. to Freedom*, but as we're parked, watching the rice boys measure up their car's cocks, the track changes. Like she just snapped out of a hypnosis, she kinda scrunches her face up, her nose upturned, and she looks toward the CD player.

"I'm getting bored of this shit" she tells me, immediately popping the CD out and dropping it to the floor.

"I wanted to listen to that," I protest, but she's in her own world again, her nails clicking against the plastic cases, tossing each one aside. I shake my head, realizing the futility, tossing a cigarette butt out the window and taking a deep, gushing bite into my burger. The windows down, and I see one of the ricers looking towards us. My mouth full of food, all I can do is blow the cunt a kiss. The little punk flicks me off, before turning towards his car.

That's when I hear it-the fucking Cure. I turn my head and stare at Claire, whose got this wide smile on her face, her dimples in full bloom, her eyes glistening with part sincerity, part mockery as Robert Smith starts bleating the opening lines of *Fascination Street*.

"I never knew you liked the Cure," She says, the smile growing even wider, and I can tell my face is growing beet red. Like, I was blasting *Sublime* real loud only moments before, and now here's the Cure, and I quickly glance out the window to see those little punk kids watching us from across the parking lot, all of them laughing their asses off.

"Christ," I breathe to myself, shaking my head, but Claire's not paying attention to this, she's just humming along, looking out her window towards the street, where the sun was banking low, casting this pink-purple sunlight that was only as beautiful as the fucking pollution behind it.

It was way awkward, and I couldn't handle it. I turned the car into ignition, and my engine sputtered to life. The ricers started laughing harder, because, *forgive* me, I didn't suck off the Jiffy Lube man to import some sick auto parts for me. No, my car was just a clunker blue

Escort with the big back seat and Robert Smith being all emotional in my crappy speakers.

The car starting makes Claire jump, and she turns towards me.

"What's wrong?" She says.

"Nothing," I lie.

"I thought we were hanging out?"

"Yeah, I just realized."

"Realized what?"

"I dunno. I got some shit to do." I throw the shift into reverse and pull out of the parking spot. Claire cocks her head at me, and I can see her mood just shatter, but any sympathy I have is gone as the track changes. The ricers, they're just having a blast as we pull past them, watching me all red-faced and Claire just looking confused, like some dumb slut.

We didn't really speak all the way home, even though I could tell Claire wanted to talk she always wanted to fucking talk-and I dropped her off at her house.

Pulling up to the driveway, she turns and looks at me, her eyes all watery. I throw the car into park and I stare forward, watching my car's lights shine two little moons on her garage door.

"You're leaving tomorrow," she says halfway as a question.

"Yeah," I say quietly, glancing quickly over at her, at the little tear running down the bridge of her nose.

"Are you sure you don't want to come in?" She says.

I kind of bite my lip. Maybe I should, I think, maybe it would be worth it. Get a little bit of action for the road, before its back to school, before its off to Iowa. But at the same time, looking at Claire with that tear in her eye, its just as hard to say yes as it was to say no.

"I've got shit to do-I've got to pack," I say, and she looks at me, surveying my face, her eyes all wet and gushy, her mouth kinda open so you can see her two top front teeth. She closes her mouth and nods, before leaning over and kissing me quick on the lips.

"Bye," she says, and before I can say anything back, before I can tell her kiss tasted good, even with that hint of burger and onions, I see a glimpse of her back, her shadow, and then her front door. I just sat there in her drive way for a good five minutes, the Cure still fucking playing, me resenting every note of it, but not changing the CD. Eventually I took a deep breath and pulled out of the driveway.

I just started driving around, not really thinking about anything, even though that kiss lingered in my mind. I felt guilty as hell, even though I knew there was nothing I could do about it. Claire, she was great, but she wasn't right for me. She just wasn't, I told myself, just driving down these curvy back streets in her neighborhood.

I drove for like an hour, just lost in my own hometown,

everything growing dark. Suddenly I came across this house with a bunch of shit at the curb, all sorts of junk ready to get thrown out. I slow down, just looking at this mountain of junk, when I see this lamp, this gaudy gilded lamp. Its shaped like a flattened egg, with rusted gold metal. At the top of the lamp there is a large black shaft, where a gray plastic lampshade completed the whole mess. I stopped the car and looked at that lamp. For a few minutes, honestly-minutes, I sat there in the road, ready to hop out and pick that stupid thing up and bring it with me, bring it to Jim's right there and laugh about it and smoke under its loveably ugly glow.

But, I realized in a few days it wouldn't matter, and Jim would be gone, and that basement would be torn up and turned into an office or a pool table or something. So I pulled away from the house, telling myself to just go home. I looked at that stupid lamp through the rearview mirror as I drove off, reminding myself to tell Jim about it.

So I did, although I didn't mention Claire or Robert Smith to him, and Jim, he's bemused. He gives a loud blow through his lips- *Ppppft*- you know, that kind of trumpet noise.

"They should have thrown it out a week earlier, maybe," He says with a smile, but it fades quick as Jim reaches over onto the desk where our little last baggie is. He snatches it and holds it there in his massive palm, little bits of green, that's all. He sighs.

"This is it," he moans, rolling the bag in his hands, and all of a sudden, you can kind of feel the moment weigh down on your shoulders, like, for a second, time, your past, whatever, just became real ... and damn. Tommorrow, man. Goodbye to goddamn Tresborough, Pennsylvania.

Goodbye to Jim.

"Yea," I say. He's just kinda looking down at it, that little baggie we shared.

"Fuck, man," he says, and it's kinda like a whimper, but I've never heard the guy whimper, so I can't tell ya, but I know he's thinking about the military and I know he's thinking about the war going on. And I'm thinking, like. two weeks ago, *fuck* that feels like so long ago now.

Two weeks ago, it was like any other week, like three weeks or three years or whenever we got together. I mean, sure, maybe Benny or fucking Steve or somebody was around, or like, Claire, maybe one of Claire's slutty sorority friends ... but it was just all of us chilling out down in Jim's basement, watching a movie, drinking beer or smoking pot or just like fucking around playing Mario Kart or something. Better times, yeah?

Like, two weeks ago, that's the last time Claire was over, like, when we were still together, and Jim, well he was off his drunk ass

pretending to hold a big gun in his hands, his hulking body heaving and sweaty, and he was jumping all around his basement popping his imaginary bullets through our heads. The shirtless bastard was laughing, his eyes glowing that deep blue I've been telling you about, just like a kid at Christmas, rolling on the floor, crawling, falling into his bed, everybody fucking laughing. Claire was laughing so hard she thought she had to puke, and she buried her head into my chest, snorting in breaths through the ruffles of my T-shirt, her hair kinda just everywhere, her legs draped over me in that sexy casual way she did everything.

And you know, I could see why Jim liked Claire-she was something else, like, this plain girl that was a total bombshell when it came down to the wire. She was great to hang out with, I guess, just good company, and so was Jim-I dunno, its these memories that make me feel like shit right there alone with the big ape, like maybe I've done something wrong, like tomorrow is my goddamn execution. And like, Claire's cell phone number is still in my phone for some reason, but I know I wasn't gonna call it. Honestly, the whole Cure thing still tweaked me out for some reason, and I still had shit to pack, and now with that baggie empty I'm wondering when the fuck I should duck out and get that done.

It's around then I realize that Jim's barely got any of his shit packed. There's one box or two in the corner, and another corner that's just got shit piled up against each other. But yea, besides that, everything is still as it was, and I know thinking that's how it always was and will be is pretty fucking dumb, but its kinda comforting, and like, I wish I could sit there forever and Jim could pull out another baggie from outta nowhere and we could smoke all that up and talk about high school and jam out or go party hopping one last time, or like, *whatever*, just to live in this goddamn moment one moment longer.

Really though, Jim rolls up our last baggie and tosses it. He looks at me, and he starts to smile, his eyes bloodshot and grey.

"I'm fucking hungry," he says. "Want somethin'?"

"Nah," I tell him, and he stands up and slams one of his meaty paws down on my shoulder.

"Okay dude", he says, "I'll be right back," and he runs up the stairs- clunk clunk clunk- and I'm just kinda sitting there alone in Jim's basement, waiting for the buzz to wear off.

**In Love**  
-Amanda Veale-

The fingers upon which  
our world rests  
have parted.

Whatever god holds our heavens  
has raised his palms to the infinite  
and tricked his toes to dancing.

All that I know is rushing  
and twirling about the robes of our maker,  
suddenly soaring crushingly free.

We climb easily upon the mountains,  
as if we were merely swinging,  
young and nimble,  
into the sycamore trees.

**Untitled** by Chad Navel





## Submissive

-Sarah Eller-

The hand points to everything

I do not wish to be -

Compulsive,

Unimpassioned,

Submissive.

I can't imagine my life  
without these undesired traits.

I hate compulsivity

because I need scheduled construction.

I detest being unimpassioned

because it is not who I am.

But most of all,

I despise myself for being

Submissive.

I am not the kind of person

to let myself be dominated.

I am an independent -

the stand alone sort of person.

I can't imagine why I let myself

be drawn into your web of lies

or your deceit and destruction,

but it happened so fast

I couldn't stop myself.

My fear of you is staggering.

I look at myself.

Then I wish you to die.

Your life should end

in suffering pain.

You should die as I live -

Submissive.

Wedding Song  
-Rebecca M. Griffith-

I never got to dance with him, Daddy.  
You would have loved him.  
He was Frank Sinatra,  
Nat King Cole,  
A single rose on my doorstep,  
The smile in my eyes.  
He would have driven twenty-nine hours,  
*And I would have been so alive,*  
Even before he kissed me.

He'll drive twenty-hours  
Tonight  
To stare at a box and pretend I'm not in it.  
He'll hear songs on the radio, Daddy,  
And have to pull over and cry.  
Because I was supposed to be in a  
White Dress,  
Flowers,  
Petals all over the floor,  
And he was supposed to lead me  
While you looked on.  
*And then, Daddy, only then* were you  
Supposed to cry.  
Not now.  
He was going to ask you for my hand.

There was a cut on the index finger,  
An ink smudge on the side.  
I was still writing my dreams.

I never got to dance with him, Daddy.

A Morning in Tintern Abbey by Carrie Mueller



## Why No, Ladies and Gentlemen, My Shit Never Stinks

-Jacob Foster-

At this point, the classroom  
is not what it will be;  
we're all still a bit uncomfortable  
with one another, a little  
shy with ourselves.

But from now till then  
the noise has to come from somewhere,  
and right now it's milling around in the corner,  
presiding in exasperated contempt over  
something Tony once wrote about something  
Herman once wrote.

One after another words  
coalesce and separate  
from the buzz of general disapproval:  
pointless, shallow, insignificant.

But, wait.

I thought this was the corner of William Carlos Williams  
of ideas in things,  
stolen plums and red wheelbarrows.

If a man were to write regarding  
the satisfactory nature of his morning shit,  
and describe with utmost attention to detail  
the asymmetrical coils of a one push exertion,  
that morning's shade of effervescent green,  
reminiscent morsels of yesterday's corn, last week's cashew;

we must, at some point,  
leave off discussing a man's  
obsession with the things he leaves behind  
and stand in simple reverence  
of the audacity of a man who uses the word effervescent  
to describe shit of any kind.

## Death of an English Major

-Lindsey Durbin-

Lately, I've been feeling so sick.  
Suddenly my world looks so Gothic!  
But I can't help but wonder, or inquire they say...  
that being an English major is my decay.

- Maybe it's these
- Bullets
- Carved into little
- Writers' blocks
- That are killing me...

Or maybe it's just these paper cuts, and my thumb's have  
simply had enough!

Could it be the choke I get? From this constant  
Hanging indent? Maybe that's it.

Would it be too cliché to say  
that maybe MLA is what's chipping me away?

Gutenberg might as well write me off  
and print my obituaries...

Cause of Death: With an English major, it varies.

## Summer's Perfume

-Rebecca M. Griffith-

Flower petals  
Roses  
Red, pink, yellow  
Whispering  
Fragrant Apologies,  
Twining around porch steps,  
Summer twilight,  
Soothing breeze,  
Dancing sunlight.  
Mistaken Pair,  
Hands entwined,  
Stifled,  
Suffocated,  
Choking,  
Straining beneath open windows,  
Beating curtains,  
Beating hearts,  
Beating hands,  
Strikes falling in rhythm,  
Predictable,  
Comforting,  
Lullaby.  
Lilting voice  
Another woman's strength passed on,  
In my blood,  
My veins,  
My mind,  
My heart,  
Flowing,  
Fusing,  
Pulsing,  
Maddening.

## Gigavolt and Chris

-Eric Schumacher-

"Lookout, the floor is hot lava!" My brother Henry squealed and grabbed my arm. We leapt onto the couch from our spot on the floor, our stockinged feet pushing against the coarse carpet. The floor cracked and separated as we jumped, crumbling beneath us. We gripped the cushions and watched the thick blue carpet melt into burning red. The living room erupted around us and magma blasted through the surface, leaving only a few patches of safe ground, lonely islands shaped like couches, chairs and desks. The echoes of the destruction rang across the living room; the stalactites crashed down.

"Watch out," I dove to push Henry out of the way of a falling rock mass. It shattered around us and we shielded our eyes from the shards.

"Thanks, that was close." He smiled at me and stood up, "wiping the dust from his pajamas. It was mid-afternoon and we still wore the matching sleepwear our mother bought us. My pants were red and had little penguins all over, his blue with turtles. We both wore plain white t-shirts.

I was just barely taller and broader than Henry, even though he was seven and I was only five and a half. He takes after our mother, a petite woman, whose brothers are all equally well-compacted. I take after my father, a broad shouldered business manager who would look more at home with an ax in the forest than behind a desk with a calculator. Strangers often mistook me for the older brother, which caused Henry endless anxiety. When we were alone, however, he made it quite clear that he was the older brother, and would exercise the fun authority of his office.

We had been sitting on the eating dry cereal straight from the box when the floor turned to hot lava. The dun hum of our dad's lawnmower could be heard from outside. It's volume rose and fell as he walked by the window at regular intervals, sweeping across the yard. Our mom was in her flower garden near the door. But, now our parents and any hope of assistance were gone. We were surrounded by lava and all on our own. It was an unexpected predicament that would likely affect our entire afternoon.

Once the rumbling stopped, so did the falling debris. The chamber appeared to have steadied itself. There was nothing now but us and the hissing and bubbling of the shining red magma. A cave stood at the far end of the chamber. Natural light shone through and rough hewn stone steps led upward to safety.

"We have to get to the stairs, or else we'll get melted into lava and we'll die." Henry made this announcement without feeling,

matter-of-factly. He looked around the volcanic chamber for the safest route while I stared at my shirt, pulling off crumbs and putting them in my mouth. I would just follow him. Usually when the floor turned to lava or a lion was chasing us, Henry got the glory while I was melted. Of mauled to death. I fell prey to whatever gruesome demise lay waiting, while Henry gracefully overcame all obstacles. V/hen I did survive, it was due to an amazing feat of cunning and bravery on Henry's part. When he saved me from the angry natives while we are on safari I had to be his slave the rest of the day. Because as he explained, "If you save someone's life, they have to be your slave. That's the rules of life."

Henry carefully pulled the couch cushion from under his feet and tossed it like a life preserver onto the floor. It crashed into the lava and became a buoyant earthen slab, sinking slowly into oblivion. He grabbed another cushion in his arms, jumped on the one already on the ground and tossed the next one. He used each pale leather cushion as a stepping stone and arrived safely on the couch. I set out to follow him.

"You can't use those ones!" he shouted from the chair. "They only last five seconds and then the lava gets them.

"Why?"

"Because that's how the game works."

I looked around for my own stepping stones. "How come you got two couch cushions and I only got one?"

"Cause I got to it first." Henry pulled the chair cushion out while standing on the arm of the easy-chair. He tossed it halfway between him and the table, and leaped gracefully onto it. He tottered on one foot as he nearly lost his balance, regained his composure, and set his sights on our father's work table.

"That was more than five seconds. You're dead," I brayed from the couch, hoping that just this once Henry would die in my place.

"No I'm not, it wasn't five seconds."

"Yes it was."

"My rocks are extra strong and lava proof. They last longer than yours do." He hopped from his cushion to one of the wooden chairs around the table. He was zig-zagging his way across the room, going island to island.

"They do not."

"Uh huh. Mine are magic." Henry looked around for his next solution.

"I get magic rocks too then."

"No you don't. Only one person can have magic rocks."

"That's not fair."

"Is so. I'm older." When we were in space he got twice as much oxygen as I did. His laser gun shot twice as far and went through walls. When we had superpowers, I got less because I was the sidekick. "Why



do I have to be the sidekick?" I would ask.

"Because I'm older and I have more powers," he said. "Batman is older than Robin, Chris." I couldn't win, so I played the sidekick, bumbling my way through the adventure while Henry killed countless villains with his ultra breath, amazing strength, laser beam eyes or his excellent swordsmanship. I got captured and strung up over a vat of acid, the fumes melting my goofy and ill-fitted costume. Henry fought off our archnemesis Dr. Gizmo and his ninja minions as I inched closer to destruction. The bullets ricocheted off his magic cape, and the sparks flew from eyes. Henry was Gigavolt, suave and dashing defender of justice, master of electricity. I was Chris.

Henry pulled the stacks of files from the chairs around our dad's work table and threw them across the floor. He reached for each chair from his perch, grabbing materials to build his bridge to safety. He was going to win.

I grabbed the remaining cushion from the couch and tossed it towards the steps. It landed halfway between me and my exit. I was going for a bee line. I walked to the far edge of the couch.

"You can't jump that far," Henry called from the beginnings of his chair bridge.

"Just watch me." I ran across the couch, the springs popping under my feet, and soared across the room. I landed on my cushion, leaving the safety of the stairs only a short hop away. I stood up and looked back at Henry in victory. As I turned my head, Henry shoulder tackled me, knocking me into the wall. I hit my head and collapsed on the floor. He hopped onto the steps. "I won, Chris. I won," he sang and hopped around the stairs.

I looked up at him with tears in my eyes. There was carpet burn on my cheek. He pranced up the steps dancing and singing, "I won, Chris. I won."

He cheated. He ran across the lava in his socks. He didn't have hover boots or a magic dog sled or anything. He just cheated. And I sat on the floor crying like a dope.

"Ha. Ha. Chris is crying," he danced and sang. "I won, Chris. I won." He wiggled his butt and threw his hands in the air, sometimes singing into an imaginary microphone. I hopped up from the floor and charged up the stairs, huffing like a madman. As I flew over the top step I punched Henry in the back of the head and knocked him forward. He took two steps forward, slid on the linoleum and regained his balance. I had taken him off-guard even with all the noise I made. He was crying now too.

"I made Henry cry. I made Henry cry." Now I danced and sang, mimicking his movements and melody. And he charged me. We locked arms at the top of the stairs and cried and fought. We kicked each

other's shins and screamed.

"Crap face!" Henry cried.

"Poop mouth."

Our mother walked though the front door, her gardening trowel still in her hand. "Boys, what's all the thumping? I can hear it from outside."

We had each other by the shoulders, wrestling for power. We kicked and screamed, breathing in hard, the tears streaming down our cheeks. Before our mom could break us up, I pulled on Henry's shirt, twisted him around and flung him down the stairs. He bounced on the way down in three hard thuds and landed at the bottom, his right elbow taking the brunt of the fall.

"Chris! What are you doing?" Our mom ran to the stairs. Henry lay at the bottom, wailing and kicking his legs in the air. He didn't get up to attack. He didn't attempt revenge. He just lay at the bottom of the steps screaming louder and louder. She pushed past me down the stairs.

"I didn't mean to. We were playin' and he was makin' fun of me." I stood bewildered at the top of the steps, defensive and stammering. "I wasn't doing nothin' and he pushed me over. It's not my fault."

"Come here, baby." My mom gently picked Henry up as he wailed. "My arm! My arm! It hurts!"

"Oh, my God. It's probably broken. She carried him up the stairs, his head on her shoulder, softly patting his back, like she was burping a baby. She walked past the open door and yelled to my dad. "Larry, We need to go. I think Henry broke his arm."

"What?" came from outside. The lawnmower cut off.

"Get your mother to come over and watch Chris. We need to take Henry to the hospital." She turned to me. "You sit in your corner now and wait for Nana."

"It's not my fault, Henry made me," I wept.

"Sit. Now," she demanded. Her eyes had more electricity at that moment than Gigavolt's ever could. I retreated to my corner, crying harder than ever. She ran into the garage and Henry's cries faded to echoes until they were cut off by the closing car door. I wanted to know what was going on, what my punishment was going to be, and what my Nana was going to say. But I didn't investigate. I went to my corner and I cried. There was a plastic yellow chair there at all times. Our "time out chair," as dad called it. I dropped into its stiffness and sulked. Everyone was mad at *me* and it was Henry's fault.

As the car roared out the driveway, I heard Nana come in from the garage door. She lived across the street and was always home during the daytime. I turned to look and she was teeth and iron. She was dressed in her exercise clothes, close fitting purple sweats. She looked like a lean, mean-spirited vulture. Her hooked nose still dripped sweat

from her workout.

"Keep your eyes in that comer."

I whipped my head back to the wall.

"You could have killed your poor brother," she scolded. "You know he's not as big as you."

Nana's scorn only deepened my shame. So I stared ahead and wept, my whole body shuddering. "Is Henry going to die?"

"No ... he's not going to die, but you probably broke his damn arm."

"I'm sorry."

"You should be. You know better than to be rough housing." She ran a washrag under the tap and wiped off all the counters.

I sat quiet in the comer, looking only at the wall, crying until the tears wouldn't come. I didn't speak until felt enough time had passed.

"Can I have some juice, Nana?" I asked through bleary red eyes.

"In a minute, you're in time out right now."

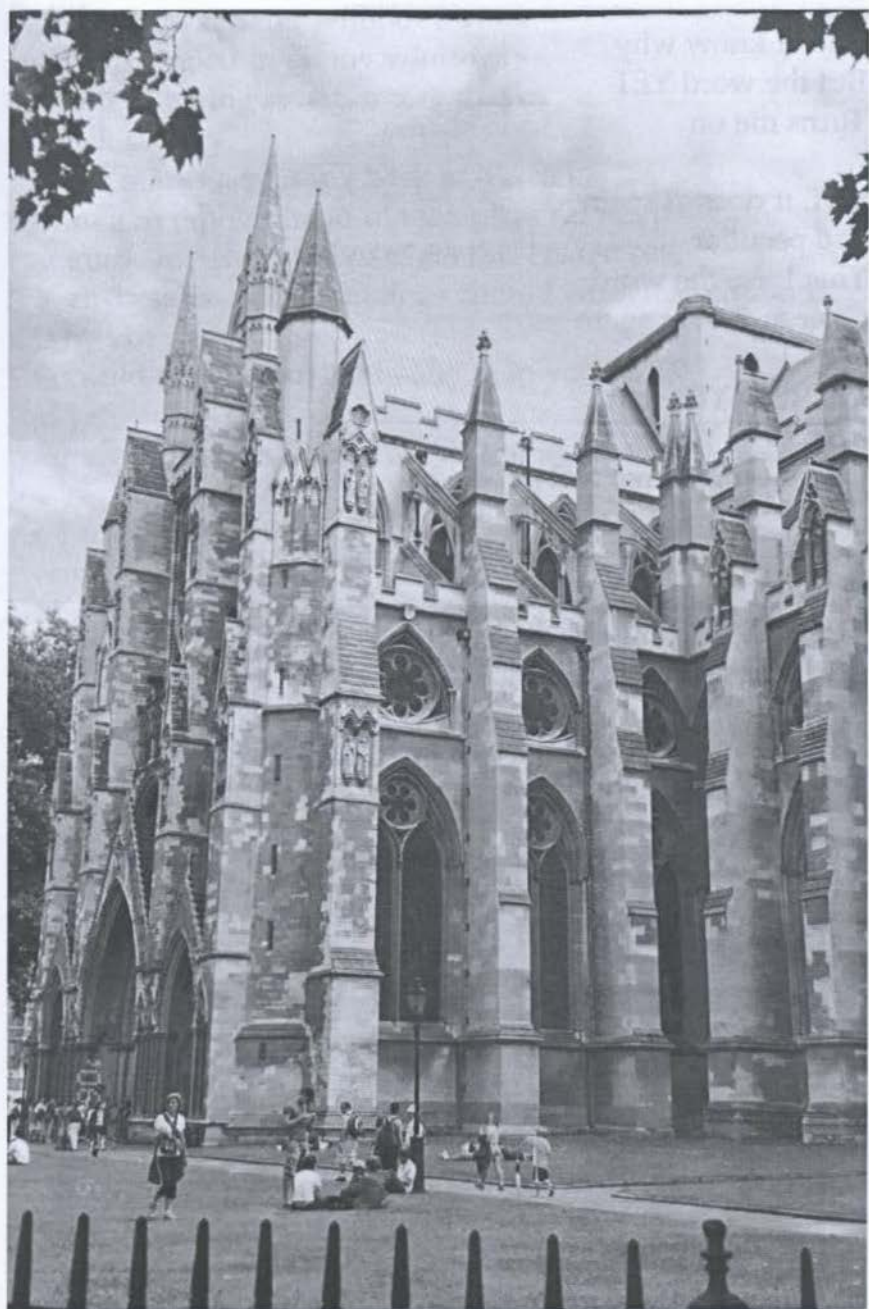
"Can I make Henry a picture to say I'm sorry?"

"That's a very nice thought, but not until later."

"Okay ... I'm goingta paint him a moose, cause it's his favorite animal."

Grandma walked into the kitchen and pulled a box of noodles out of the cupboard. She hummed to herself as she made supper for when Henry and my parents came home. I crossed my arms and stared at the wall, thinking of ways to pass the time. The soft green paint peeled away to iron bars and a thin shaft of light fell across my eyes as I played a mournful tune on my harmonica.

Westminster by Carrie Mueller



**Untitled**  
-Kris Jones-

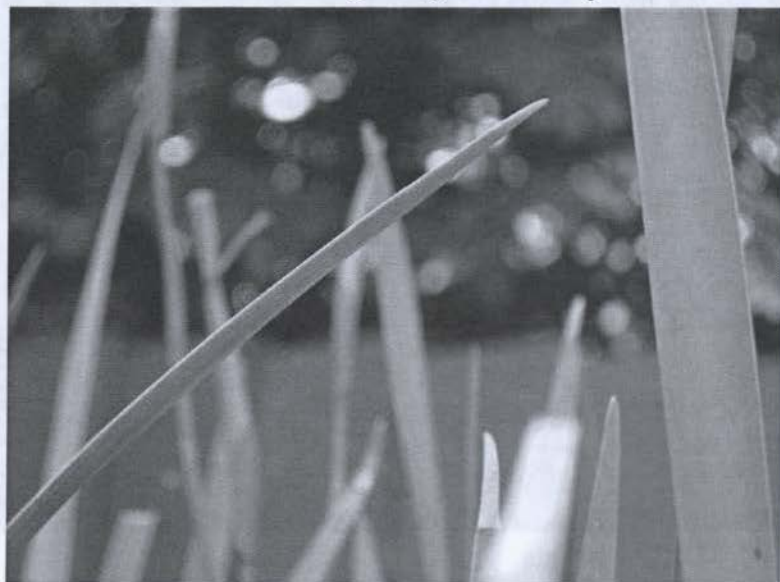
I don't know why  
But the word YET  
Turns me on

YET, it doesn't seem  
Too peculiar  
That I use the word  
Over and over again

YET this, YET that  
YET, YET, YET  
Oooh it makes me feel good

So, you think this poem is over, huh?  
Not YET  
YET, it was over before it began  
My heart asunder, YET again

**A Fighting Chance** by Osha Rudduck



## Ode to the Muse

-Greg Harrell-

I was just a wanderer without a voice  
until you tapped upon my window.  
You came bearing seven ornery masks  
of meek secrecy,  
and left marks across my back and cheek.  
Be you a nymph or hand of metaphysical intervention,  
you guide my ship starboard on this beaten sea.  
If ever these madcap ramblings should cross into euphoria  
it is by your grace.  
You could reveal yourself to any man you desired,  
and yet,  
your sweet breaths keep returning to my ears.

And so I place this golden visage of being  
around your finger  
and implore that we cross more than words;  
forget all the scribes you've enriched  
that refuse to write home.

Let he who would answer your beauty  
with crass negligence  
be stripped of its pleasures,  
and I'll lift my head  
from time's imploded breast anew.

And when they ask if insanity treads in genius's skin,  
or how I should separate you from my invention,  
I'll hold my laughter to my lips  
and gently place it at your neck.

**Tender**  
-Amanda Veale-

I know much  
of gentle hands.

The hand is  
the most graceful  
of instruments,  
sweeping about  
through pieces  
of space,  
and filling its  
curves with  
whatever wild thing  
it pleases.

It is the hands  
that I remember  
each time.  
Cold hands under  
paisley pants,  
then dripping hands,  
rough with school bus grime.  
There were softly warm  
hands, like dough,  
smoothing my body  
in the cornfield.  
There were shaking  
hands, barely caressing,  
and there were  
clenching hands that hurt,  
but I did not  
cry out.

I obediently offered  
every part of me  
because hands  
are powerful  
things.

## When the Muses Leave

-Elizabeth Hood-

Frustration.

Annoyance boils and everyone is unfairly blamed,  
not me.

Train wreckcar wreckplanecrash.  
atOMIC bomb goes off in my head.

empty.

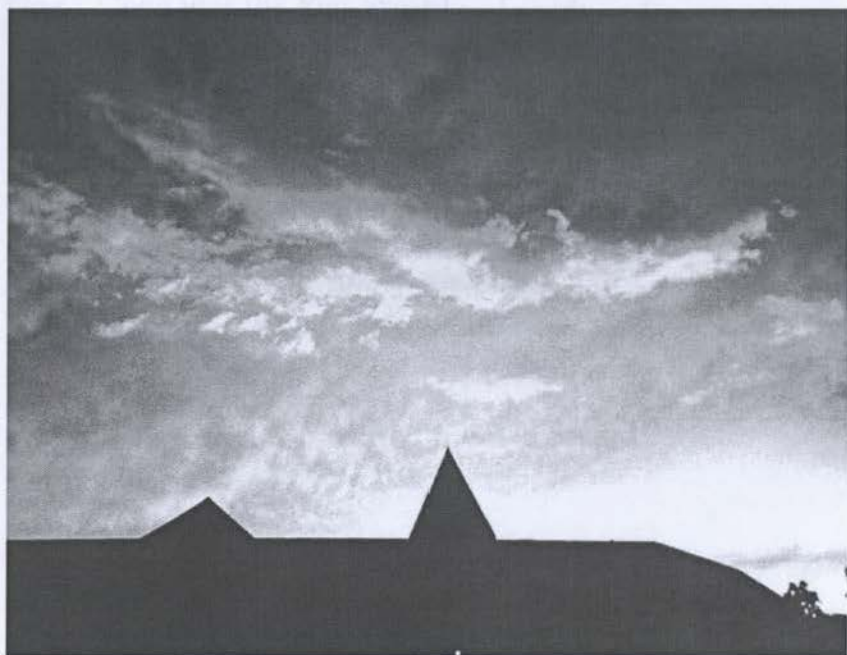
*Hello? Anyone there? Hello!?!*

Fuck.

Light bulb.

The pencil moves ...

**Rooftop Sunset** by Jennifer O'Neil





## Depression Lifting

-Amanda Veale-

Forward to it,  
with nothing but the  
weighty dry dead  
of discarded milk cartons  
half- full of curdled sours—  
I move here now,  
one toe free from  
this life of digging  
through dumpsters so full  
of plastic apples,  
and when at last my face  
catches at unspoiled air,  
I feel what all air  
is made of:  
I know the breath  
of every brother  
in every dirty corner  
breathing hard to  
clean away creation's mess,  
and in my lowest part  
I crave to cling to  
that familiar old cardboard  
and sip the rotten remains  
of the love I knew  
when a cry bade comfort  
and when mother's milk  
was fresh.

## The Red Sword

-Andrew Decker-

*Clang. Clang. Clang.*

The music resounded in Hephaestus's smithy.

One final touch remained.

Hephaestus brought his mighty hammer down.

Metal against metal. Your birth cry.

Warbrand. The Red Sword of Ares.

To Diomedes of Thrace, by his father, you first were gifted.

In Agamemnon's hands you witnessed the fall of Troy.

By the edge of your blade Alexander carved out his empire.

You were lost when Julius died.

Countries away and many years later,

Aurelianus gave you a new name. *Excalibur*.

Uther, he never wielded you.

Arthur, he surrendered you,

To the cold waters of the lake.

Gone. Gone was the Red Sword.

By chance your two halves came to me.

Dull. Lifeless. Broken now what once was mighty.

From fire you were born.

Through fire you will live again.

Three days and three nights later,

I am finished. I weep with sheer joy.

I name you *Joyeuse*.

For this is a joyful day.

Today is the day I resurrected the Red Sword

For my liege.

Charlemagne.

EIU IV by Carrie Mueller



## Warring Ideology -Margaret B. Hamper-

### Part I Catie Miller Takes Her Test

My alarm clock buzzed as it often does on days when I wish I had overslept. I jumped up, disturbed by the BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! that makes my heart race. Even in mid-day that noise surprises unsuspecting me among humdrum sitcoms and sleep-aid commercials. I reset the alarm clock to 7:15, forfeiting breakfast. Isn't it strange, I thought, that among all the things television warps to create a pleasing fictional atmosphere, the horrible BUZZ! that I wake up to is the same horrible BUZZ! television accepted into its world of skinny girls, designer clothes and pop music, rather than choosing a more pleasing, less Pavlovian, ring.

I quickly undressed and ran into the shower, soaped up, rinsed off and ran back to my room, shivering. Though my landlord has promised to fix the windows that don't completely close and the mysterious drafts that waft through my little one-bedroom, he has set no timetable to relieve the goose-bumps that now plaque my legs, shaven in futility, since the cold encourages little hairs to pop out, even just after a shave.

I unwrapped the towel, forced for a split second to witness my naked body. I quickly adjusted my gaze. Brew. Brush. Zip. Pack. Go.

7:35 stared me in the face as I glided out of my apartment like a leaf pushed by a tornado. It was a long run to my 8:00 History of United States exam. I heaved, I bounced, I jiggled, I stopped running. My legs hurt like hell. The muscles in my legs had stiffened in the cold. But I strove on, gasping at every do-not-walk sign. I tried to review dates and names in my head. Andrew Hamilton? 1775? Not a fucking clue. I was walking too fast to think. I was a zombie, aching for a lack of brains.

"Did you study?" The delicately framed, youthfully made-up Madonna sitting next to me asked.

"Nah." I lied, relaying the conditioned response to such a question.

"We're screwed." She said, smiling, obviously doing the same.

\* \* \*

I was pretty relieved, being that the test was over and I had done relatively well considering my state of mind. I was pretty relieved *until* Dr. Milliken reminded me of a survey I had signed up to take as extra-credit for the very history class I had just labored to attend. Feeling that I was again being engulfed in the endless duties of

collegedom, a sensation very much akin to the BUZZ! of the universal alarm clock, I pushed on to the women's studies department, two blocks and three floors away.

## Part II The Survey goes Awry

"Do you consider yourself a feminist?"

"Well, I *do* have a boyfriend."

The surveyor shoots me a look of severe disapproval before checking off what I'm certain is the *participant-unsure-has-boyfriend* box on her women's studies survey form. I imagine that from then on the surveyor assumes I'm in college to meet the man of my dreams who will whisk me away to a deluxe kitchen in the suburbs where I'll prepare pounds of meatloaf for him and my twelve screaming children.

"Do you believe in equal rights for women and men?" She says, forcing a smile and trying her best not to let me read into her eyes which are, by the way, screaming at me.

\* \* \*

*Did I think less of her for choosing not to be a feminist? Well, I certainly am annoyed with women who don't embrace equal rights for their own gender or care enough about those rights to call themselves feminists.*

*I understand that most people think feminists are man-hating dykes who scowl at the sight of a stay-at-home mom; I understand that they think this, or, at least that they feel if they were to accept the title of feminist, others would assume those things about them.*

*What she doesn't seem to get is that many feminists are straight, or stay-at-homemoms; all feminists are not lesbians or women who put their children in daycare so they can provide for a family, and each feminist has a different set of ideals like any other person on what is and is not morally acceptable.*

*Though, that's besides the point. I was, at the very least, disappointed in this young woman for falling for the mainstream, yet misinformed notion, that to like men is to reject feminism.*

\* \* \*

"Equal rights for men and women? Of course I do."

"But you're not a feminist?" She asks me with such force that I feel I have somehow thrust myself into the cocytus of the Lesbian Inferno.

I'm not a feminist because I'm blonde. Feminists don't seem to like blonde women. I shave my legs, my armpits and my cooch. I like my bra. When I have kids, I want to stay home with them. I've never kissed a woman, not even in a drunken debacle, and I never plan on switching teams.

I am afraid to admit this to her, so I don't.

I say, "I don't want people to assume things about me that aren't true and I don't want to be associated with radical political ideas or practices like all-female communes."

\*\*\*

*Do I get that a lot? What do you think? I'm surveying the young women of the Girls-Gone-Wild-Post-Feminist generation where women feel as though women and men are already allotted equal rights and opportunities and that we're fighting for nothing at all.*

*I'll tell you what I don't get a lot of stone cold feminists. I meet people who believe in equal rights for women and men, who are actually feminists, but are afraid of a word so powerful that it has become very like spic, WOP, dyke, fag and other terms only to be used within those respective circles.*

*So to answer your question, yes. The last fifty girls I interviewed gave me the same unfortunate answer of "well ... not exactly ... I don't know ..."*

\*\*\*

"This is just a survey, and I'm not supposed to get into a debate with you, but before we move on, I'd simply like to inform you that women like yourself who choose not to call themselves feminists are what makes that term so exclusive." My legs ache, my stomach growls and I am just plain too tired to listen to this shit.

"If more straight women and stay-at-home moms who do believe in equal rights and opportunities would embrace the term," she continued, "no one would assume you were a lesbian. With that said, how would you feel about voting for a woman president?"

"With that said?" I bark, "You can't throw something like that at me and try to move on to the next question with *that* said." I am enraged at her for trying to push her ideals onto me at nine o' clock in the freaking morning.

"You can't blame me for not thrusting myself into the throes of the feminist front line to support a cause that hardly needs supporting. Feminism was a good thing in the 50's and the 60's and the 70's, even the 80's, but it's 2007 honey.

"The speaker of the house is a woman and Hilary Clinton is thinking about running for president. Why the *hell* should I risk my reputation for a cause which hardly needs fighting?"

\*\*\*

*I know I shouldn't have said anything, but I couldn't help myself I held my breath and pushed aside my pride, flattering and smiling at the nice,*

*non-feminist women I had interviewed all morning. But there's only so much a person can take.*

\* \* \*

"How do you think a woman got to be the speaker of the house? Do you think it was easy for Ms. Clinton to decide to run for president? Do you honestly believe that it is just through a natural progression of time that men are slowly forfeiting their privilege? It takes a lot of work from feminists across the country to make those things happen. And it takes a great number of female and male feminist voters to support those kinds of advances. Do you even vote?"

"Yeah. I do." I lie. I see her point, but she has an antiquated view on civil rights and I am too tired and disinterested to make a speech. "Don't judge me just because we've made different choices on how to represent ourselves."

"Would you vote for a female president?" She asks coldly.

"If her policies reflected my principles." I say, coldly.

"Would you be uncomfortable with a female superior in the workplace?"

"No."

"Would you be uncomfortable being in charge of an all-male workforce?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, thank you for your time, Ms. Miller."

### Part III Melissa Harding

I gasped for air when the grad assistant, Julie, coordinating the survey session asked me to leave.

"Melissa, You're not supposed to judge them." She had said, "We want our surveys to be answered honestly. If they think you're judging them, they'll just say what they think we want to hear."

Sitting just outside the survey room, I was crying. These were not simply the tears of a panic attack, these were tears of grievance. They did not flow easily. They came like rain off flower petals; dripping slowly, they were hard to let go, but each one that fell no longer weighed me down.

I was not yet ready to get up and move into the world I had too many problems with: the war in Iraq, global warming, Rwanda, corporate corruption, AIDS in Africa, Girls Gone Wild and everything else that is simply not morally permissible, which was just about everything. I was a ticking nuclear weapon that could explode at any given time without notice, and I had exploded.

Before I knew I had the strength to stand up, I had. I started

walking blindly on cruise control, headed in a straight line towards unnamable disaster.

*Speak of the Devil*, I thought as Catie, the catalyst to my time-bomb, walked by. She must have seen my raw, tear stained face because she turned around and started walking towards me. I was not okay with that. I continued to walk in the opposite direction until my knees buckled and I fell, blocking my face with my forearm. When I looked up, much to my chagrin, it was Catie who offered me a chivalric hand.

"I'm fine," I said. "But thanks." I stumbled as I lifted myself up.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Of course I am." I said, pushing a smile out from under my pride.

"You just look distraught. Let's go sit down." She tried to take my arm.

"No, really, I'm fine." I said while shaking her arm off, pacing myself, headed for the door. But she took my arm again anyway, and I couldn't resist, I was too dizzy.

We sat down in a vacant classroom and she finally let me go. We both looked worn and tired. I think that's how we related, how we got talking.

We did talk. We started with apologies and ended with forgiveness. We forgave each other, and then we forgave ourselves. We openly forgave ourselves for holding on too hard to our ideas, for not being willing to bend, both justifying this and condemning it. But before that, we fought.

We fought it out until we were both red hot and emotional. We both cried, trying to explain to each other that we were right, wanting to bend the other's sense of contrived reality. We negotiated, sharing the hopeless need to weld our ideologies, to find common ground. But that didn't happen. It rarely does.



**Confession**  
-Greg Harrell-

I'm sorry  
I spilled  
claret  
all over  
the armoire.

I didn't think you'd mind  
much, as it's long  
been stripped  
of its luster  
and was always  
lurching about  
the foot  
of our bed,  
like an empty glass  
teetered upon  
a window sill.

I can't sleep  
anymore, its  
bitterness has latched  
my throat shut.

## A Glass Puzzle

-Brittany Morgan-

Pieces of life  
Are strewn  
All over the floor  
I try to pick  
Them up  
Place them back  
Together.  
They're like glass  
They cut me  
I bleed  
Momma stands over  
Me.  
She says  
You can't do it!  
She screams.  
I close my eyes  
I reach for  
Another piece  
Take a deep breath  
Feel it slice  
I can do it,  
I think  
I will do it!

Hey Ma  
-Jacob Foster-

I remember  
Pale, eczema-scarred fingers  
Striking show tune rhythms  
Out of piano keys browned and chipped with use  
As we, the artifacts of your youth, stood behind you  
In a tight semicircle  
And sang because you asked us to;  
Sang for you  
From the back of our apartment  
In El Cajon, California.

Such an odd name-the coffin-  
For a town so virile;  
Down in its valley with winding streets  
Connecting  
Netless blacktop basketball courts to  
Bobby Sox softball diamonds with no outfield grass;  
There roving bands of restless girls and boys  
Asserting frenzied, empty claims to asphalt and dirt alike,  
Furious at the mountains that stood between them and the ocean.

But we were talking about you.

I remember  
Coming home from another long day,  
Our hair still peppered with remnants of dust and rock,  
To the sound of your voice  
Rising golden against dulled  
Pings of an unworthy piano as you pounded  
Dilapidated keys and sang  
Of dreams dreamed when hopes were high  
Of lemon drop troubles over some rainbow, and  
We stopped in the doorway, hoping  
To leave you undisturbed,  
Both fearing and needing to hear the rest,

But you stopped and called us to you  
All at once and, turning,  
Smiled past the glisten in your eyes.

## As July Faded Away

-Rebecca M. Griffith-

We used to pester my mother,  
My sister and I,  
Following her around the kitchen,  
Begging for shells coated in yellow cheese,  
While the sun made prisms on the floor.

I used to beg for hugs from my busy mother.  
I didn't mind that her temples were damp with steam from  
the stove,  
Or that she muttered to Mother Mary  
While she stretched to reach the blue box of rattling noodles.

We used to play in the yard as dusk fell,  
Heavy, end-of-July dusk.  
My sister would sit in a bright red wagon with a bouncing  
wheel.  
And my mother would sit silent on the front step,  
Cement grating the backs of her thighs,  
A cigarette's orange tip glowing in her ring-laden hand,  
Watching us with our styrofoam cups of macaroni and  
cheese  
And our shrieking, girlish laughter.

## About the left overs

-Gina LoBianco-

she had green eyes and he was 48  
mornings just a repealing prophecy; robins egg blue  
old things in a box you could hear collecting dust  
there's nothing here for you  
but you said you were just looking for some time to waste  
we both toss and turn and shift and ache  
and sweat in a room thats barely lit  
i have this feeling that when the sun sets it's gonna take us  
with it

## Mandolin by Osha Rudduck



## Me, Myself, and I

-Lindsey Durbin-

I'd like to take this time to be  
completely honest with you.  
and be completely  
honest with myself.

Therefore,  
I'd like to make some incision into  
my chest  
crack my ribs,  
and be completely open with you.

Now that you can see all  
of what's inside of me, everything I hide from me  
myself  
and  
i  
and everyone else

I should ask:  
How do you feel?  
How does it make you feel?  
Tell me,  
How do I feel?

I should ask:  
What do you see?  
or maybe  
How do you look?  
Tell me,  
How do you look all inside of me?

It would be pretty cliché and  
to say  
under my ribs my  
heart is tangled up.  
With every letter of your  
name.

And all of my blood,  
is a mirrored reflection of  
all of  
your  
Face.  
How cliché!

I don't want to be like everyone else  
I don't want to be in love  
like everyone else.  
I don't want to be like everyone else.  
I want to  
be me  
me  
me  
myself  
and  
i.

**Iced Parking Lot**  
-Rebecca M. Griffith

One foot slipping,  
Sliding,  
Catching,  
Securing.  
'I'm not well-balanced on slick ground.

Stepping slowly-  
Hesitance-behind him,  
Hands in pockets,  
We don't get to do the past over again  
And second chances don't erase the first.

Hushed footsteps,  
This will be my final fall,  
Should I happen to fall at all.  
Steady as she goes;  
As she goes down  
Steady as I try to hold onto air  
Air that teases,  
Pushes,  
Leaves me in a gasp,  
Steady as she goes.

She's not so steady.  
Not tonight  
He can't save her this time.  
The cost of devoting another season  
To longing is too high.  
Rationale,  
Logic,  
Her heart hurls it all away.  
He can't save her this time,  
Not when she's willing to drown



My hands behind me,  
Stinging from shock and cold,  
In a patch of shadow and streetlamp,  
Pressed to glazed ground.  
Iced notes,  
Bells and chimes,  
My own voice,  
Clinking together before  
I know that I stand on nothing now.  
Steady as she goes,  
Unexpected-  
When she goes down.

EIU III by Carrie Mueller



## About the Authors

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Andrew Decker, English major with a Creative Writing minor.

Lindsey Durbin, Sophomore English major with a Creative Writing minor. She is 18 years old. *"I enjoy text messaging and ice cream."*

Sarah Eller, Sophomore English major. *"I very much love to write."*

Jacob Foster, Junior English major with a Creative Writing minor.

Rebecca M. Griffith, Junior English major. She will graduate with Honors, hopefully attend graduate school, and wants to become an author and editor.

Elizabeth Hood, Sophomore English Education major. Her hometown is Champaign, where she hopes to return to after schooling. She is very active in Asian American Association and the Wesley Foundation, and possesses a passion for music and language.

Kris Jones, an English Graduate student. *"I am writing my thesis on life with Asperger's Syndrome, which is an awareness piece for the condition. I like 80's music, Arab culture, and collecting foreign coins."*

Darius Jutzi, Junior English major. *"I like to write. I enjoy little puppies and walks on the beach. My favorite author is Kurt Vonnegut. My favorite person is You. or, my mommy."*

Gina LoBianco, English major.

About the Authors

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**Brittany Morgan**, no major provided. She grew up in Martinsville. *"I started writing at a very young age and it was everything from poetry to prose...I've never found a better outlet for my energy and my emotions."*

**Carrie Mueller**, Senior English major with teacher certification and a Spanish minor from Rockford, IL. She enjoys traveling, eating sushi, and dabbles in both writing and photography.

**Chad Navel**, English major. He originally grew up in Mattoon, Illinois. *"I have been writing since I was 12."*

**Jennifer O'Neil**, Junior English major. She plans to continue her education and attain a Ph.D. at some point. *"I'm really into Ancient Egypt, French, sign language, and English grammar. I'm also atheist but VERY open-minded to all walks of life."*

**Osha Rudduck**, no major provided. She was born in Sydney, Australia. She went to school at SCECGS Redlands in Sydney until she came to the US in 2004. She went to a prep school in Connecticut for 2 years of high school, and started developing her own photographs in her senior year.

**Eric Schumacher**, Junior Communications Studies major with a Creative Writing minor. He is from Tentopolis, Illinois.

**Amanda Veale**, Psychology major. She is from Macomb, Illinois.

**Sean Walker**, Sophomore Art Education major. He is also a musician. *"I have been interested in art and music both since i was little and hope to make a career out of both. I am the Apple Campus Representative for Eastern Illinois University and I also work for the Bookstore."*

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"If I lose the light of the sun, I will write by candlelight, moonlight, no light. If I lose paper and ink, I will write in blood on forgotten walls. I will write always. I will capture nights all over the world and bring them to you."

- Henry Rollins

